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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FORTY-ONE

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The BOYS™

FORTY-ONE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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THE BOYS, VOLUME 1 #41. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Runnemede, NJ 08078.

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Printed in Canada.

THE INNOCENTS

part two

INTRODUCTIONS! SO FROM THE LEFT--

YEAH, YEAH, I ALREADY READ ALL THE SHIT. BLACK HOLE AND BOBBY BUTTFUCK AND WHATEVER.

BOBBY BADOING!!

BADOING-BADOING-BADOING-BADOING-BADOING!

SO WHEN DO WE BEGIN OUR FIRST ADVENTURE, MALCHEMICAL?

HUH?

HE'S ONLY JUST ARRIVED, GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO SETTLE IN!

I THINK WHAT BLACK HOLE MEANS IS, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR SUPERDUPER NOW THAT YOU'RE TEAM LEADER?

I DUNNO EXACTLY. WHAT'D THE LAST GUY DO?

THIS ISN'T THAT BAD...

OKAY EVERYBODY, CAKE! LADYFOLD, COULD YOU-- THANKS.

WE DIDN'T EXACTLY HAVE A LEADER BEFORE. WE'VE BEEN SORT OF WAITING TO GO OUT ON, ON MISSIONS, I SUPPOSE.

WAITING? YOU JUST SIT AROUND ALL DAY?

I'LL PASS...

WELL, NO, WE GO OUT ON PATROL AND TAKE CARE OF ANY LOCAL STUFF, YOU KNOW. WE'RE GOING OUT LATER TODAY, IF YOU'D LIKE TO COME ALONG.

ARE YOU SURE? GET TO KNOW THE--

FUCKINGCUNT!!

WHAT--?

I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!

KLANKER, IT'S OKAY...

BADOING-BADOING-BADOING-CAKE!

WHAT'D HE SAY? DID HE SAY FUCKING CUNT?

HE CAN'T HELP IT, SHHH, DON'T--

CAN'T HELP IT, D'YOU MEAN-- OH, THAT IS BEAUTIFUL...!

HA HA HA HA HA, FUCKING GREAT! HA HA HA HA HA!!

HA HA HA HA HA--!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

IT'S NOTHING, KID CAMO, MALCHEMICAL'S JUST--OH, BOBBY, USE A *PLATE*...!

...OH, MAN.

I THINK YOU SHOULD JOIN US ON PATROL.

I THINK IT MIGHT DO YOU SOME GOOD.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, SWEETHEART. JESUS.

I DIDN'T GET ANY... ANY, UM...

CAKE. YOU DID, STOOL SHADOW, YOU JUST PUT IT DOWN OVER HERE.

THANKS, AUNTIE SIS...

WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO THIS ONE, *BEAT HER?*

KKRRRZZZZZTT

KRRRCCCCHHH EYE OUT FOR EVILDOERS! OH, BOY!

YOU GOT IT, BOBBY BADOING! THE BAD GUYS AREN'T GONNA KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!

YEAH, THE WORLD NEED FEAR NO FUCKING CUNT...

MALCHEMICAL, WHY DON'T KRRRCCCHHHHH

KRRRCCHHHH OPPORTUNITY TO KKRRRRRCCCCHH OBSERVE? THAT WAY YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT WHAT WE DO AND HOW WE OPERATE, DON'T YOU THINK?

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, DOLLFACE.

JESUS CHRIST...

WHERE THE FUCK TO BEGIN?

MRRRAAAAOOOOWWW

MRRRAAAAOOOOWWW

SSSHHH, MINNIE...

THERE'S A GOOD KITTY...

OH DEAR, WILL SHE BE ALL RIGHT--?

OF COURSE SHE WILL, MA'AM. MINNIE'S IN VERY GOOD HANDS.

PUSS-PUSS-PUSS-PUSS-PUSS...

THERE, THERE, LITTLE PUSSY-CAT...

SO WHAT YOU HAVE HERE IS A PRETTY TYPICAL OPERATION, AH--

BOBBY BADOING'S STANDING BY IN CASE THE KITTEN FALLS, AH, HE'S THERE AS A SORT OF SAFETY NET...LADYFOLD, STOOL SHADOW AND THE KLANKER ARE DOING THEIR BEST TO DISTRACT IT...

MINNIE! LOOK! MINNIE!

THAT'S RIGHT, KITTY, YOU LOOK AT ME!

MRRRAAAAOOOOWWW

AND IN THE MEANTIME, *KID CAMO* IS USING HIS *PROTO-POWER* TO GET WITHIN GRABBING DISTANCE!

WAAAH--!

MMRRAAAOOW!

OH NO!

WUFF!

MMMMMRRRRRAAAAOOOOOWWW!!

SOMEBODY CATCH HER--!

WATCH OUT FOR KID CAMO!

UHHGGH!!

GOING FOR IT! BODY OF IRON!

KLANKER, DON'T--

OH, KLANKER...!

KID CAMO, ARE YOU--

WHAT ABOUT THE KITTEN, WHERE--

OOOOH! OOOOOOHH! I CAN'T FIND MY WEE-WEE STICK!

I CAN'T FIND MY WEE-WEE STICK! I CAN'T FIND MY WEE-WEE STICK!

HELP HIM--!

HE CAN'T WHAT....?

BOBBY NEEDS HELP GOING TO THE BATHROOM, HE CAN'T REACH HIS--

WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT? HELP!

I THINK I'VE GOT-- NO--!

PULL THE FLAB ASIDE!

IT'S TOO DEEP UNDER--

JUST GRAB A FOLD AND *PULL!*

I CAN'T GET IT UP! I CAN'T GET IT UP!

GUUUHH!

MY WEE-WEE STIIIICK...!

NAAAH!

SERIOUS PLAYERS.

OH AYE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOBBY, IT'S OKAY. IT WAS JUST THE KITTEN LANDING ON YOUR TUMMY.

TOOFF! TOOFF!

PRETTY TYPICAL OPERATION, HUH?

I BELIEVE YOU.

I GUESS THIS IS WHERE THEY SEND THE ABORTIONS THAT LIVE.

MY, MY.

YOU'RE A NICE BASTARD, AREN'T YOU, PAL?

AUNTIE SIS, WHAT DID HE--

NOTHING, BOBBY. HE DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

YOU AND BLACK HOLE CAN CARRY THE KLANKER. GIRLS, FIND SOMETHING TO PUT KID CAMO IN.

LET'S GO HOME.

FRENCHIE, AM I GOIN' CRAZY HERE...?

IF YOU THINK I AM THE ONE TO ASK?

PEUT-ETRE.

FROMAGE

FROMAGE

LEGEND ACCESSES THE VOUGHT MAINFRAME WHENEVER HE WANTS, RIGHT? PUTS THE FILE TOGETHER FOR BUTCHER EVERY MONTH?

AH...NON.

IN POINT OF FACT, C'EST LES FRERES MCGUINEA WHO DO THE WORK. LA LEGENDE MERELY PASSES ON THE FILE.

AND DISCUSSES WITH M'SIEU CHARCUTER... WHATEVER HORRORS MIGHT BE ON HIS MIND...

RIGHT, BUT THE POINT IS IT COMES FROM VOUGHT: LEGEND DON'T READ EVERY WORD, BUT IT STILL COMES STRAIGHT FROM THE ASSHOLE A' THE BEAST.

POURQUOI...?

'CAUSE I JUST HACKED THE MAINFRAME MYSELF.

AN' WHAT I'M SEEIN' DON'T ADD UP.

YOU DID WHAT?

OLD PASSWORD. GOT ME A COUPLE MINUTES 'FORE THEY SHUT ME OUT.

BUTCHER SENDS HUGHIE TO CHECK OUT SUPERDUPER--WHO GOTTA BE THE MUTHAFUCKAS LEAST WORTH CHECKIN' OUT IN RECORDED HISTORY, AM I RIGHT?

OUI. LA "LEAGUE OF DWEEBS", N'EST-CE PAS?

OKAY.

REASON HE GIVES IS MALCHEMICAL, THE ASSHOLE FROM *TEAM TITANIC.* BEEN SENT TO TAKE OVER SUPERDUPER, SO NOW HUGHIE GOTTA GO SEE IF THAT MEANS THEY GETTIN' SERIOUS NOW...

OUI...?

SOUNDED LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME, TOO.

WHY MALCHEMICAL GOT THE JOB AIN'T NOTHIN' TO *DO* WITH SUPERDUPER. AIN'T EVEN PARTA THIS MAKIN'-EVERYTHING-DARK SHIT.

REAL REASON'S IN THE TITANIC FILE, RIGHT NEXT TO MALCHEMICAL'S GODDAMN AIRLINE TICKET. AIN'T NO WAY THE MCGUINEAS COULDA MISSED IT.

UNAUTHORIZED LOGON

DISCONTINUED

SO IT HADDA BE IN THE SHIT THE LEGEND GAVE TO BUTCHER...

BUT NOT NECESSARILY IN LE SHIT *HE* GAVE TO HUGHIE, IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE SAYING?

...MUTHA*FUCKA.*

WHAT KINDA GODDAMN GAMES YOU PLAYIN' NOW?

SO WHAT DID YOU DO TO DESERVE THIS?

BUD'S

BUD'S BEER

HUH?

TO WHAT DO WE OWE THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY.

OH, FUCK... OKAY, YOU KNOW HOW I CAN CHANGE SHAPE?

YES...

SHAPE, FORM, CHEMICAL COMPOSITION, ALL THAT. KIND OF LIKE YOUR LITTLE PAL KID CAMO, ONLY NOT SO GODDAMN LAME.

CHOCOLATE DREAM

WELL, I WANTED TO FUCK MY TEAM LEADER'S GIRLFRIEND--YOU KNOW, THE ORANGE BITCH? SO I MADE MYSELF LOOK LIKE HIM AND WENT TO SEE HER.

TROUBLE WAS, SHE'D NEVER TRIED ANAL BEFORE. AND SHE ENDED UP LIKING IT QUITE A BIT. SO, THE NEXT TIME SHE'S IN THE SACK WITH THE REAL HIM, IT'S "OOOH, DO ME LIKE YOU DID LAST NIGHT"...AND...

WELL.

ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER.

THAT'S A LOVELY STORY.

THESE KIDS AREN'T LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW.

NO SHIT...

THEY AREN'T LIKE REGULAR SUPER-PEOPLE AT ALL. THEY DON'T NEED TO BE EXPOSED TO THAT KIND OF THING.

WHAT KIND?

YOURS.

LOOK, I'M NOT NAÏVE. I'VE BEEN TO SOME OF THE PARTIES AND SO ON, I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT HEROGASM.

I KNOW THAT BOBBY AND LADYFOLD AND THE OTHERS ARE ABOUT AS FAR FROM ALL THAT STUFF AS IT'S POSSIBLE TO BE, BUT I FOR ONE THINK THAT'S A GOOD THING.

THEY GENUINELY WANT TO USE THE POWERS THEY HAVE TO DO GOOD. TO HELP PEOPLE, TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

THEY WANT TO BE SUPERHEROES.

BY GETTING CATS OUT OF FUCKING TREES?

THEY DO WHAT THEY CAN. IT'S NOT EASY FOR THEM, THERE ARE SOME PRETTY OBVIOUS LIMITATIONS TO THEIR ABILITIES, AND THEIR OUTLOOK IS A LITTLE... SHELTERED...

ARE YOU TELLING ME THEY'RE *RETARDED*...?

NO. THAT IS NOT THE WORD I USED.

I SAID *SHELTERED*, UNDERSTAND?

OH-KAY...

WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU IS WE'RE PERFECTLY HAPPY THE WAY WE ARE. WE GET ON WITH DOING OUR OWN THING, AND WHEN WE'RE CALLED UPON WE MAKE WHATEVER PUBLIC APPEARANCES WE'RE SUPPOSED TO.

WE DIDN'T ASK TO BE ***DARK.*** WE CERTAINLY DIDN'T ASK FOR OUR NEW TEAM LEADER.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'RE NOT ASKING VOUGHT-AMERICAN FOR ANYTHING BUT TO BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE AS WE ALWAYS HAVE.

AND WHO IS IT PAYS THE BILLS?

I'M TAKING THEM OUT FOR ICE CREAM.

I'D PREFER IT IF YOU DIDN'T COME.

THEN THIS MUST BE YOUR LUCKY DAY...

TWINKIES

KO-Z MOTEL
VACANCY

WHAT I KNOW?

AH, NO' VERY MUCH, I SOMETIMES THINK. THE MORE I LEARN, THE MORE CONFUSIN' THE WORLD SEEMS TO GET.

WHAT ABOUT IF WE NARROWED IT DOWN TO ME IN PARTICULAR?

WELL, I KEN YOU'RE A WEE DARLIN'. ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS. AN' NO' JUST THAT, YOU'RE ONE O' THE NICEST PEOPLE I EVER MET.

YEAH...I DIDN'T MEAN THAT SO MUCH. MORE WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ME?

UH...OKAY, YOUR NAME'S ANNIE JANUARY. YOU'RE TWENTY-FOUR. BLONDE HAIR, BLUE EYES, SMASHIN' FIGURE. YOU'RE FROM DES MOINES IN IOWA, BUT YOU DON'T LIKE IT VERY MUCH.

YOU WORK IN THE FASHION BUSINESS AS SOME SORT O' SALES REP, BUT I'M NO' TOO SURE O' THE DETAILS. AN' YOU'VE A WEAKNESS FOR SHORTARSED WEE SCOTSMEN OF DUBIOUS CHARACTER AN' APPEARANCE.

I'M THINKING OF QUITTING MY JOB AND DOING SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

I'VE GOT SOME MONEY SAVED UP, I'M LOOKING AT RENTALS IN THE WEST VILLAGE.

JINGS...!

I JUST--

YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME. WOULD YOU STILL LOVE ME IF YOU FOUND OUT SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T LIKE ABOUT ME?

THE VILLAGE IS AWFULLY *EXPENSIVE*, ANNIE, HOW'RE YOU GONNA AFFORD TO LIVE THERE...?

I DO PRETTY WELL WITH COMMISSIONS AND STUFF. I JUST CAN'T STAND THE JOB.

THAT ISN'T WHAT I ASKED YOU, HUGHIE.

HEY--

WHAT?

NOTHIN'. SORRY, I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE I KNEW.

IF I FOUND OUT SOMETHIN' I DIDN'T LIKE--WHY, WHAT'VE YOU DONE?

NOTHING. I MEAN THAT'S NOT THE POINT, I'M ASKING YOU WHAT IF.

BUT THAT'S DAFT, WHAT'S THE POINT O' THAT?

HUMOR ME.

POSEHN'S

SALE

50% OFF

JIM'S PINK SOCKS

LIQUOR

BUT--

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT YOU SAID IT WAS DIFFICULT TO TRUST PEOPLE? AND WHEN WE TALKED IN THE PARK THAT TIME, I SAID HOW PRECIOUS IT CAN BE WHEN YOU FIND SOMEONE YOU DO TRUST?

ALL THIS STUFF I'M TALKING ABOUT DOING, IT'S A PRETTY MAJOR CHANGE FOR ME. I MIGHT KIND OF NEED YOU TO BE THERE FOR ME WHILE I'M DOING IT.

I JUST-- I GUESS I'M A LITTLE SCARED, IS ALL.

AYE, OKAY. ALL RIGHT, THEN.

HAVE YOU EVER MURDERED ANYONE?

HUGHIE--!

NO, I'M SERIOUS. HAVE YOU?

...NO.

NO.

SOLD ANYONE INTO SLAVERY?

DONE ANYTHIN' TERRIBLE WI' KIDS?

NO.

KICKED A WEE DUG?

UH...

DOG. SORRY.

NO.

WELL THEN YOU'RE GOLDEN, HEN. 'CAUSE THOSE'RE THE ONLY THINGS'D MAKE ME NOT WANNA BE WI' YOU.

ANNIE, HONESTLY, I MEANT WHAT I SAID. ***NOTHIN'S*** GONNA CHANGE THAT.

IF YOU'RE GONNA STOP DOIN' A JOB THAT MAKES YOU MISERABLE AN' GO ON AN' DO SOMETHIN' DIFFERENT, I'LL BE BEHIND YOU A HUNDRED PERCENT--OKAY?

OKAY.

ALL RIGHT, I'VE GOTTA GO NOW. I'LL CALL YOU LATER ON.

ALL RIGHT?

YEAH.

BUT IT REALLY SOUNDED LIKE HE--

HONESTLY, KID CAMO, MALCHEMICAL'S FINE. HE JUST NEEDS TO GET USED TO US.

GOSH, BOBBY, THAT'S A LOT OF ICE CREAM--!

GLOM GLOM GLOM GLOM

HUH! I COULD EAT AS MUCH AS THAT IF I WANTED TO!

I'M THE BLACK HOLE, I CAN CONSUME ALL MATTER!

I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S SUCH A--

WATCH!

GALOMMP

GAKK--!

BLACK HOLE?

OH NO!

IS HE--?

GAAAAHHHKK--

MOVE!

BLACK HOLE, STAY STILL, I CAN'T--

KKAAAAACCCCHHHH

IT ISN'T WORKING...!

THE SPOON'S BROKEN--IT'S IN HIS THROAT, I CAN'T REACH IT--

SOMEONE CALL NINE ONE ONE!

TRES BON, PETIT HUGHIE. MAIS WHAT DO WE DO IF THE HEIMLICH MANOUVRE DOES NOT CLEAR THE OBSTRUCTION?

UH... TRACHEOTOMY?

YOU HAVE BEEN PAYING ATTENTION, MON BRAVE. DESCRIBE THE PROCESS, IF YOU PLEASE.

BLACK HOLE! *BLACK HOLE, CAN YOU HEAR ME?*

MOVE-MOVE-MOVE, LET US THROUGH!

WAAAAH, HE'S GOT A KNIFE!

YOU...PUT THE VICTIM ON THEIR BACK...YOU FIND THE STERNAL NOTCH...AN' YOU CUT INTO THE TRACHEA JUST BELOW THE THYROID...

YOU MAKE A CROSS CUT TO ENLARGE THE INCISION AN' PUT A TRACHEOTOMY TUBE IN, THEN YOU TAPE IT UP SO IT'S AIRTIGHT. IF YOU'VE NO' GOT A TUBE YOU CAN USE A PEN OR WHATEVER.

CORRECT.

NOW: DEMONSTRATE.

BUT BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

SUCH QUIET CONDITIONS ARE UNLIKELY IN REAL LIFE, PETIT HUGHIE. WE MUST INTRODUCE AN ELEMENT OF...

STRESS?

NO--!

KLANKER, IT'S OKAY, IT'S OKAY! I KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING!

CHRIST, THAT MAKES ONE OF US...!

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, FRENCHIE--!

COURAGE, PETIT HUGHIE! IF YOU ARE TO STAND BESIDE LES BOYS, YOU MUST DEVELOP SUCH SKILLS!

CAN SOMEBODY GIVE US A PEN OR A STRAW? AN' I'M GONNA NEED A WEE BIT O' TAPE, TOO--

OOOOOOOHHH--!

HMMM.

MORE PRACTICE IS CALLED FOR.

HHHHHHHH

HHHHHHHH

HHHHHHHH

THANK FUCK.

IT'S OKAY, BLACK HOLE, DON'T TRY AND MOVE YET... LISTEN, THANK YOU *SO MUCH*...!

AYE, HE NEEDS A PROPER DOCTOR, BUT. THE AMBULANCE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE.

YOU SAVED OUR FRIEND, MISTER! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

OH, IT'S H--

IT'S HUH, HUH, HUH, IT'S HAMISH...

HEY, EVERY BODY, HAMISH SAVED THE BLACK HOLE'S LIFE! HE'S A *HERO!*

YEAH! HAMISH!

YEAH!

YOU ROCK, DUDE!

HE'D HAVE *DIED* IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU!

YOU'RE OUR BESTEST PAL!

EMT

next: FUCKINGCUNT!! (sorry...)